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Leroy Garrett, Editor

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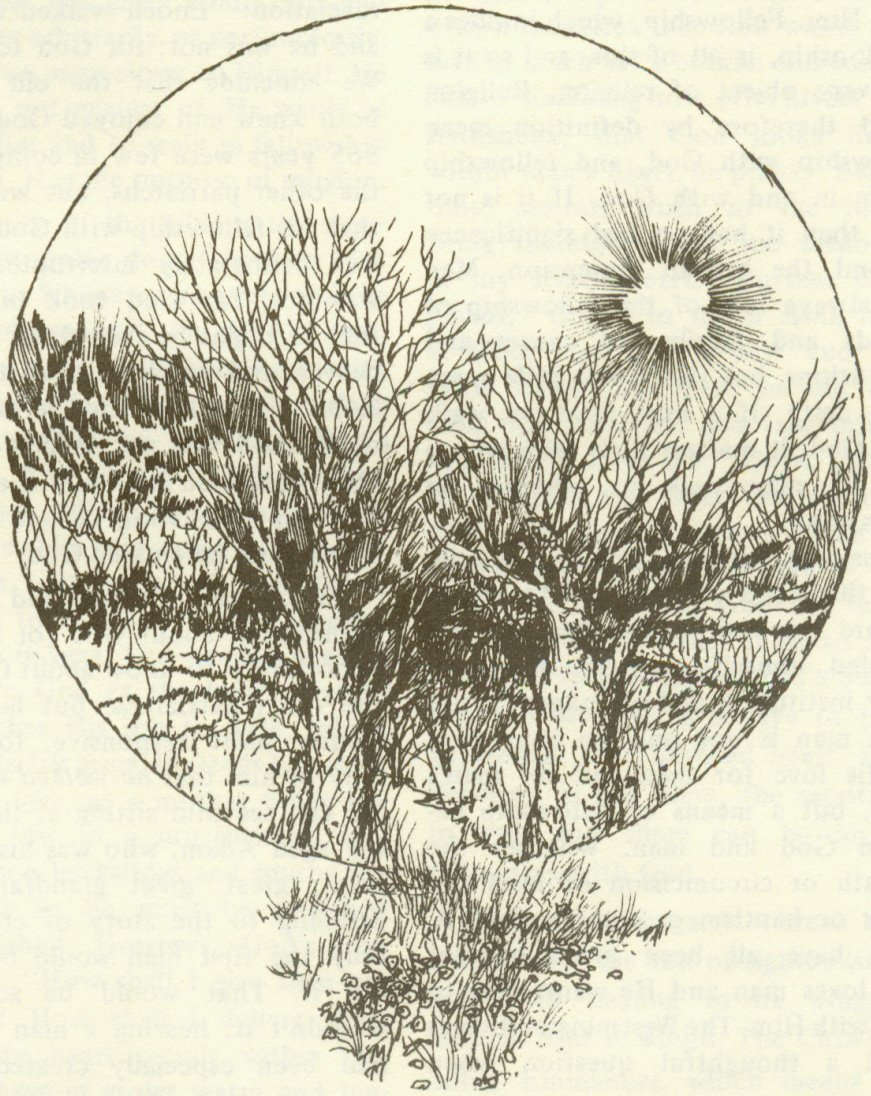

Though the fig tree should not blossom, and there be no fruit on the vines . . . yet I will exult in the Lord. I will rejoice in the God of my salvation.

– *Habakkuk 3:17,18*

Volume 19, No. 2 **Leroy Garrett, Editor** **February 1977**

Principles of Unity and Fellowship . . .

FELLOWSHIP IS LIFE WITH GOD

Our fellowship is with the Father. 1 John 1:3

This is both the point and the definition of religion. Religion is that experience in which man is bound back (the Latin *religio* means "to bind back") to God. It means to be reconciled to God, to be at peace with God, to be a friend of God and to walk with Him. Fellowship, which implies a relationship, is all of this, and so it is the very object of religion. Religion could therefore by definition mean fellowship with God, and fellowship is life in and with God. If it is not this, then it has no real significance beyond the human dimension. Men can always talk of the fellowship of friends and family, of causes and institutions, but this means little apart from deity. If a man does not walk with God, it matters little with whom else he may walk or whether he walks at all.

Basic to religious faith is not only that there is a creator God to whom we are responsible, but that He has revealed himself to man. Moreover, every institution and ordinance He has given man is not only an expression of His love for man and for man's good, but a means of fellowship between God and man. Whether the sabbath or circumcision or fasts and feasts or baptism or commandments, these have all been given because God loves man and He wants man to walk with Him. The Westminster divines asked a thoughtful question when they included in the catechism, *Why did God create man?* Their answer could hardly have been better, we presume. To *know God and to enjoy Him forever.*

Again we have a definition of fellowship. It means to know God and to enjoy Him forever, both for now and for eternity. Gen. 5:24 is glorious revelation: "Enoch walked with God: and he was not; for God took him." We conclude that the old patriarch both knew and enjoyed God. Enoch's 365 years were few in comparison to the other patriarchs, but we presume that his fellowship with God on earth was deliberately interrupted — "He was not, for God took him" — so that he might be even closer to God in heaven and enjoy him all the more. Heb. 11:5 tells us that he did not see death, and was not to be found, for God translated him; and it adds: "before his translation he had this testimony, that he pleased God."

Enoch may not have had any more information about God (or any more opportunity to know about God) than the other patriarchs, but he was obviously more responsive, for it says only of him that *he walked with God.* We can see him sitting at the feet of the aged Adam, who was his father's great, great, great grandfather, and listening to the story of creation as only the first man would be able to tell it. That would be something, wouldn't it, hearing a man talk who had been especially created by the hand of God? We can believe that considerable information about God and morality had evolved back in

those centuries, and one had the knowledge to walk in close fellowship with God if he chose to. And Enoch chose to, and it pleased God. This is the essence of being happy in this world. Any of us, like Enoch, can please God by walking with Him. And we can be assured that religion is meaningless if it does not mean this.

God has not given commands and ordinances arbitrarily or perfunctorily, but to draw man closer to Himself. He *is for us*, not against us. He wants us to love Him and to walk in fellowship with Him. It is the purpose of religion.

The story of the Bible is the story of God "stooping down" to show love and mercy. Whenever man responds to that condescension on God's part, fellowship is the result. Man walks with God by obeying Him, or he forfeits that fellowship by spurning God's overtures. The picture of this in Hosea is touching. "When Israel was a child, then I loved him, and called my son out of Egypt." In spite of this, Israel sacrificed to Baal and burned incense to graven images. The prophet goes on to picture God as the loving Father who teaches His son to walk, taking him us into His arms. He leads him with cords of love, as a mother holds her child in tow in a supermarket. But still His son backslides and spurns His love, and so he must be punished and banished. However, God's love overrules: "How shall I give thee up, Ephraim? How shall I deliver thee, Israel? My heart recoils within me, my compassion grows warm and tender. I will not execute my fierce anger." The prophet depicts God as so eager for His people to respond to His love that He can't bring Himself to lay out the punishment that is just.

The God of the *Old Testament is* therefore as much a God of love and mercy as the God of the *New Testament*, notwithstanding some expert opinions to the contrary. Indeed, He is the same God and His purpose in looking with favor toward man is that man might walk with Him and enjoy His fellowship. In Psalms 51 David puts God's commands and purposes in right perspective, for he sees that it isn't sacrifices that God wants from man as much as "a broken and contrite heart." Realizing now, after his sin with Bathsheba, that God looks deeply within man's heart, he prays, "Behold, thou desirest truth in the inward being; therefore teach me wisdom in in my secret heart." Further on he pleads, "Create in me a clean heart, O God, and put a new and right spirit within me. Cast me not away from thy presence, and take not thy Holy Spirit from me." David goes on to recognize that once God has man's heart, his *broken* heart, "then wilt thou delight in right sacrifices."

Various sacrifices God has related to fellowship, whether it be an offering in the temple or the Lord's Supper, but the sacrifice is always to be an expression of a devoted heart. If the devotion is not there, the sacrifice is in vain and there can be no real fellowship with God.

When dawn began to break upon a new age, "the sun of righteousness" rose with healing in its wings, as Malachi said it would. The Christ was called Emmanuel, which means *God with us.* This is the fulness of the fellowship between God and man. "God was in Christ reconciling the world to himself, not counting their trespasses against them." This is the difference that Jesus makes. God showed his mercy and love to David and Hosea, but He is actually with us in Jesus, and it is because of him that our sins are not counted against us. Emmanuel, *God with us!* How could any words be fraught with more meaning?

This is the sublimest principle of them all, *God with us.* God is with us in that special way when we are in Christ, walking in the light as he is in the light. If Enoch could walk with God by faith, with the limited revelation given to him, how much more glorious should our walk with God be when we walk in the rays of "the sun of righteousness." Jesus came to show us the Father, and only he could say, "If you have seen me you have seen the Father also." It is reassuring that when Jesus chose to describe the nature of God he did so by picturing God as Father rather than as Creator or Judge, concepts more familiar in Jewish teaching.

God is our Father and we are his children, this is what Jesus was saying. Why are we to love our enemies and pray for our persecutors? Because we have a Judge to face in judgment? No, but "so that you may be the sons of your Father who is in heaven." What a glorious motivation that is! *Your Father sees in secret and rewards openly. Your Father knows what you need before you ever ask. Your Father forgives when you forgive. Your Father gives good things to those who ask him.* That is the way Jesus taught about the Ruler of the universe.

And it would be taxing to our spirits to contemplate fellowship with the Ruler of the universe. But when that Ruler becomes our Father it is a different matter. Just as fellowship with a man appears oppressive if he be a boss, a governor, or even a salesman; but when the man is named a brother it is entirely different. And so brotherhood between men is based upon those men bearing a common relation to God as Father.

It was a great voice out of heaven that cried,. "Behold, the dwelling of God is with men. He will dwell with them, and they shall be his people, and God himself will be with them" (Rev. *21:3).* This is the New Jerusalem come down out of heaven. *They shall be his people. God himself shall be with them.* What promises these are! It is in Jesus that they become real, for in him and him alone the *God is with us* becomes intimately true for us.

And it is an *intimate* relationship in that it is a Father and son relationship. In Jesus God is no longer one who is far off. John speaks of hearing and seeing and touching and handling "the word of life" which was Jesus, and he is "the eternal life which was with the Father and was made manifest to

us" — *God with us! — "that* which we have seen and heard we proclaim also to you, so that you may have fellowship with us; and our fellowship is with the Father and with his Son Jesus Christ." 1 *Jn. 1:1-4*

Paul emphasizes the intimacy in Gal. 4:6: "Because you are sons, God has sent the Spirit of his Son into our hearts, crying, Abba! Father!"' *Abba* is the most intimate and endearing reference a Jewish child would make to his father, something like our *Papa* or *Daddy.* This is what it means for us to walk with God, to love him, to be devoted to Him, to have an endearing and intimate relation. This is the purpose of the gospel, God's love story, to draw men to Himself in a devoted relationship. When John says, as quoted above, ". . . so that you may have fellowship with us; and our fellowship is with the Father and with his Son Jesus Christ," he is showing that the purpose of the gospel is to make men happy, to bring them to God and to Christ in a joyous fellowship, for the next line reads: *We are writing this that our* (or *your) joy may be complete.* Joy and fellowship. We do not always tie these together as the apostle does here. If God is with us and if we be His children, and if He comes down out of heaven to be with us in the New Jerusalem as well as in Jesus, that, I say, is JOY.

This is the fellowship that is life with God. If our relationship with Him is right, then our relationship with our brothers will be right. When we can't get along with each other and have to divide up into parties, it is probably because we are not truly in fellowship with God. The elder brother in Jesus' story of the prodigal son seems to have had that problem. He was "down" on his brother because he wasn't "up" on his father. He had to stay in the field and sulk because he had not learned the joy of his father's house. He could not relate to his brother, whether a prodigal or not, because he did not really know his father. One who is wound up tight with his own self-interests does not know how to make merry over the good fortune of others.

This may explain a lot of the problems in our fractured brotherhood. Enoch had no trouble getting along with his brothers, we can believe, for he had learned to walk with God. It was otherwise with Cain, who obviously did not walk with God, and so the only "walking" that interested him was out into the field to lay his brother low. If we would be less concerned about walking with only those with whom we agree and more concerned about a joyous walk with God, many of our "fellowship" problems would vanish.

This lesson also moves us along in understanding the nature of fellowship. It has to do with sharing; it is communal. Fellowship with God is clearly a relationship. He does something for us and we respond, and so He makes the fellowship happen. It is not something we create. We rather walk into it, so to speak, as if into the sunlight. It is life with God.

So it is with the fellowship we enjoy with one another. It is based upon the life we share together in God. You are in God's fellowship when you are in His family, and it is that which makes you my brother or sister. You may have a lot of hangups, and I may have even more, and we might be wrong about some things. But the question remains: are we in the family of God; If so, then we are together in

fellowship with Christ Jesus. We are stuck with each other, hangups or no. God has many retarded children and even "sons in error," which can only mean that I have "brothers in error," and perhaps there are no other kind. If I walk with God, I will walk with my brothers, however retarded or erroneous they may be. —*Editor*

Insecurity welcomes manacles to prevent its hands shaking. —*Walter Lippmann*

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A VISIT WITH OUR FIRST "CHARISMATIC"

I do not really know that he is the first among Churches of Christ to have been "baptized with the Holy Spirit" and to speak in tongues, but it may well be that he is, for his experience dates back to 1937 when he was a missionary in Brazil.

When Ouida comes to my study door and announces that we have company, I never know what to expect, for as often as not they arrive unannounced. I often hear from would-be visitors who say they dropped by only to find us absent from home. We love company since we consider our brothers and sisters as part of the royal family, princes and princesses of heaven. They come from many states and even from foreign countries. We have recently had callers from Canada, England and India. This time the brother and his wife were from Brazil. But I was in for an eerie experience. It was unreal.

"It is an elderly gentleman" is all the tip Ouida gave me as I left my typewriter and headed for the living room. Was I in for a surprise! It was Alexander Campbell sitting there! He smiled as only Uncle Alex can, and then stood to give me a hearty hand-shake. The mop of white hair, the massive head with receding chin, the angular nose and high cheek bones, the piercing eyes, tall and erect. It was unmistakable. I have studied a dozen photographs of the Bishop, along with my favorite that hangs in my study, and here he stood in flesh and blood. It was uncanny! How could this possibly be?

He turned out to be Virgil Smith, who was both a student and teacher at Abilene back in the early years. It was while teaching at ACC that he became a premillennialist, which led him finally to our premill coterie of congregations in Louisville, where he studied with R. H. Boll. It was those churches that sent him to Brazil as a missionary, and it was there, famished as he was for meaning in his life, that he was baptized of the Spirit and received the gift of tongues. He has since served for 40 years in that

fascinating land where people are receptive of the gospel. He told the churches back home of his new experiences, and they thought he should come home so they could talk it over. Some 15 preachers, all of the premill group, gathered in Louisville to hear his story, including E. L. Jorgenson and R. H. Boll.

It must have been a beautiful demonstration of the love of Christ in men's hearts, for they listened to him sympathetically and without censure. They left the matter open, bidding him to return to Brazil and preach the gospel and to follow the light as he perceived it on these other things. The churches did not drop his support, but through the generosity of Dr. Horace Wood, a Dallas dentist who took weeks of his time to teach him the rudiments of dentistry, he was soon making his own living in the backwoods of Brazil by filling and pulling teeth.

The situation on the mission field was such, and his convictions were such, that he decided he should join the Assembly of God church, which he did after a few more years. But he has kept in touch with the folk who bore and bred him, and here he was calling on me. On this furlough from Brazil he has moved among various denominations, including several Churches of Christ. While all the others invite him to speak and to pray and to tell of what God has done through his work, our folk ignore him, even when in the company of kin who are elders in the church. "They want to be brotherly," he kindly explains, "but they dare not," as if I didn't know. We of course are the losers when we shut out everyone who cannot or will not say the right shibboleth. I assured him that we had some churches who would treat him as a brother.

But I had a problem in listening to all this in view of the likeness he bore to the Sage of Bethany. "Ouida, you know who he looks like?" She didn't until I told her, and then she agreed that the likeness was striking. But no one had ever told him before that he was the spittin' image of Alexander Campbell. I could never quite shake it, even after he was gone. I first thought maybe his visit was divine retribution, that the Lord wanted to shake me up good because of my levity in a recent essay in which I expressed satisfaction that I would not only get a new body in heaven but that I would also get to see Alexander Campbell!

Apart from whom he favors, Virgil Smith loves the Lord, that's for sure, and I revelled in his visit. He told of those early years at ACC on the old campus, back when Webb Freeman, D. L. Cooper, and George Klingman were all on the faculty - and all three were liberals! Freeman and Cooper both had doctorates from Southern Baptist Seminary and Klingman was the first Ph. D. that ACC ever had. All three of them got the ax, including the president, Jesse P. Sewell, because he would not condemn them. Klingman's heresy was that he would not declare instrumental music to be a sin, even though he chose to be non instrumental. Cooper and Freeman were both beautiful Christians and superb teachers, but they had to leave because they saw the church as much broader than the Texas brand of the Church of Christ.

I knew Klingman's story but not that of Cooper and Freeman. I asked Virgil to tell me about Klingman as a man. "He was a cultured gentleman," he said, "a lively man, charming, witty, and a musician." And to have a Ph. D. back in the early 1930's was a rarity. Virgil considered Cooper, Freeman, and Klingman as a tremendous Bible faculty, but they had to be sacrificed since they believed there were Christians beside Church of Christ folk, which is what our folk believed almost without exception from the days of Barton W. Stone to the time of David Lipscomb. But the preachers ganged up on the ACC board and the doctors had to go. Surely the record makes it abundantly clear that our Church of Christ folk have been the most unprincipled and asinine educators in the entire history of education in the United States. And I would add that one could take the fired professors from our colleges and build an all-time, all-star faculty from them. We have that morbid talent of skimming off the cream and keeping the whey. And we don't seem to care who is hurt in the process. After all, the *Christian* atmosphere must be preserved!

I told Alexander Campbell - I mean, Virgil Smith - that the "liberal" dimension in our history must be unique. I would that one of our graduate students would do a thesis on the "liberals" in Church of Christ history. ACC has always had them and still does, and they were among the early evangelists, such as T. B. Larimore. R. C. Bell of ACC is one of them that managed to survive. A researchist could seek to explain how the "liberal" persuasion has always been with us and why some have prevailed and others haven't. It is unique for a church, which presumably began as a fundamentalist, reactionary sect, to have such a consistent and continual representation of highly educated and responsible leaders, an *august* group, one would have to say, albeit they have come to be known as *liberals.* This is not the case, for instance, with the independent Christian Churches, for it takes a fine-toothed comb to come up with a "liberal" among them. Part of the answer may be our emphasis on liberal education, which we've always wanted but have not been willing to pay the price for it. But more important, I think, is that all along much of our leadership has had the more open, freer approach, which means they have been more in line with the spirit our Movement had from the beginning, but they have allowed themselves' to be kicked around by a vituperative minority of reactionaries. In other words, from the outset the Churches of Christ had a substantial carryover of the more liberal spirit of the Stone-Campbell movement and was never the completely reactionary, sectarian group as their break with the Disciples would indicate. After all, many never left the Disciples, but simply found themselves on "the right side" by virtue of circumstances.

Well, I am toying with an essay on *The Liberal Church of Christ* and these are simply some of my first thoughts. We'll have to see what jells, if anything. For years I've had a sneaking suspicion that the majority in the Churches of Christ believe like I believe and would really support the positions set forth in this journal, if the winds were favorable. It is a leadership that fears the old myth that "it will lead us too far" that keeps much from happening, but that will not prevail much longer.

By *liberal I* have no reference, of course, to the Bultmann-Tillich kind of theological interpretation so common in Protestant circles, for we have almost no one who is liberal in that sense. I simply mean that most of our people believe, like I do, that we do not have all of God's people in the Churches of Christ, and, like old Dr. Klingman of ACC, they do not believe that instrumental music is necessarily a sin, and they would like, if no one would spank them for it, to fraternize with their religious neighbors and think of their Baptist friends as brothers.

And they would like for the Virgil Smiths to be treated like brothers in our churches. Our people are not basically the narrow and bigoted sectarians that they appear to be. We are really better than we sound! We let the bruisers and howlers and browbeaters lead us around by the nose. We don't like to be called names, so we capitulate. But that is changing.

Well, I encouraged Virgil, now well into his 70's, to tell me why and how he made the change, for he kept talking about the "new vision" that came into his life. By the way, I did *encourage* him to talk about it, while most "charismatics" can't talk about anything else. Down in Brazil he found himself without power and vitality. He had not learned how to pray and knew almost nothing about trusting in Jesus. The "new vision" came when he began to plummet the depths of God's grace. That, by the way, is the key to most "liberal" thinking among our folk. Whether it is Klingman or Larimore, or R. C. Bell or K. C. Moser, or Wes Reagan or Roy Osborne, to get more recent, it is a story of a man discovering the grace of God. So it was with Virgil in Brazil. He *saw* the grace of God, to use a scriptural phrase. His "charismatic" life has lasted for 40 years so far!

Virgil says we Church of Christ folk do not really pray, do not even know how, just as he didn't. We are prayerless Christians, he kindly charges, and do not even begin to understand the power of prayer. He said his life was changed by reading R. A. Torrey's *Power of Prayer.* He also discovered the glory of praising God, which is part of seeing more deeply His grace.

The missionary has not found the Assemblies of God perfect, to be sure, and he is convinced that no one group has a corner on sectarianism, but they have been good to him and have left him reasonably free. He is impressed with their mission program in Brazil, where they have a church in every village, town, and city, the most successful missionary effort of any denomination anywhere in the world, and yet even that represents only 4-5% of the population of the country.

Our brother lost his wife in that distant country many years ago, and now the woman at his side is a native Brazilian. She is of a quiet and gentle spirit, a credit to her country as well as to our Lord.

There they were at our door, and just as soon they were gone. We had not seen them before and may never see them again in this world. But when they left something of ourselves went along with them. It was one more lesson in the meaning of brotherhood and but a foretaste of the fellowship of heaven, where there will be no more goodbyes. The way old Virgil talked to God in our behalf before he left was evidence that *he* had learned to pray, and I was glad.

Our first *"charismatic,"* but that really was neither here nor there. Nor whom he favored! He was a brother who had given his life to Jesus in a foreign field, and it had not been easy, and I loved him for it.

Oh yes, the thing that impressed Ouida the most about Virgil Smith's visit is that he is spending his furlough in the States visiting with his kin, far and wide, to see if he cannot urge upon them a closer walk with Jesus. That is what brought him to Denton, so that he might trace down a niece and share with her his love for the Savior. Since many of his relatives are Church of Christ folk, you can see that he is going to have his hands full. — *the Editor*

Religion, like poetry and most other living things, cannot be defined. — *Gilbert Murray*

Men never do evil so completely and cheerfully as when they do it from religious conviction. — *Pascal*

I take it for granted that every Christian that is in health is up early in the morning. — *William Law*

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Highlights from Our Past . . .

THE TIME CAMPBELL TALKED ALL NIGHT

In these days when disciples of Jesus spend more time watching TV than they do in sharing the scriptures, it is refreshing to read about people who become so excited over their biblical discoveries that they forget about time and find the morning dawning before they realize it. Excitement over the word of God! What has happened to us as "the people of the Book" that such joy of learning is now so rare? I recently came upon a reference to Moses Stuart of Andover Seminary, one of the renowned biblical scholars of his time, to the effect that when he came upon some fresh insight in the word he would become so excited that he could not sleep all night. That's quite different from the yawning we too often see in the pew, or the hands-in-pocket passivity frequently evident in the pulpit. But then again Stuart was excited by *fresh insights!*

Revolution is brooding in people's lives when they have enough interest to talk all night. Like old Nebuchadnezzar following his magnificent dream, sleep fled him because he was so eager to know. When folk are empty of desire to know, or when they suppose they already know about all there is to

know, they are likely to go to sleep on you or prefer to watch TV, even if you do have fresh insights. Psalms 1 tells us that the man is blessed who "meditates on his word day and night," and that is part of what this essay is about.

There was an air of excitement in Alexander Campbell's life back in 1816-1821. He had only recently discovered what was probably the most important insight of his entire life, a truth that was to spark a reformation and give birth to a unity movement. It was indeed *the* truth that led to what is now the Christian Churches and Churches of Christ. It was the catalyst that led to all the other principles that gave substance to the Restoration Movement. This was his discovery of of successive covenants, which he first enunciated before the Redstone Baptist Association, September 1, 1816, at Cross Creek, Virginia. A historical marker now identifies the place where the old Baptist church once stood, and a visitor, as he views the tall pines that now stand there, can be assured that he is at the spot where Alexander Campbell's life changed. It could be claimed that it was there that the Movement *really* began. Things would never be the same again. The dye was cast. It remains the most renowned sermon in our history, known as the *Sermon on the Law.*

It was semi-extemporaneous. He had only two hours notice, for he was chosen to give the discourse that Sunday morning only after another man was "providentially seized by sickness," as he later put it. He used rather copious notes and spoke upwards of two hours on the distinction between the old and new dispensations, the law of Moses and the gospel of Christ. He had no more than finished when the motion was made that his discourse be branded as "not Baptist doctrine," though one respected leader prevented this by suggesting the sermon just might be "Christian doctrine" and that they should all desire time for examination.

It was 30 years later in the 1846 *Millennial Harbinger (p.* 493f.) that Campbell republished the celebrated sermon, for it had earlier circulated in tract form only. In the preface to the sermon he explains that it was delivered "some two or three years after my union with the Baptist denomination" and he refers to himself as "one of the pastors of the Church at Brush Run." This is one of the several instances in which he unequivocally identifies himself as a Baptist. Up until 1830, at the time the Mahoning Baptist Association disbanded, Campbell was considered a Baptist minister and the Brush Run Church a Baptist church, however "different" they might have been. It is odd that our people today want to ignore this fact of our history, that our first congregation was a Baptist church and our leading pioneer was a Baptist for 20 years of his ministry. I remember when I was a student at Freed-Hardeman College, painstaking efforts were made to show that Campbell was never a Baptist. Campbell is in fact on record to the effect that he intended to work with the Baptists so long as he could freely teach his convictions. He observes in this preface that the *Sermon on the Law* almost caused his excommunication, and would have except for the charity of two or three old men.

He goes on to say that he did not believe that in 1848 there was a single Baptist association on the continent that would persecute him for his views as did the Redstone Association in the years following that sermon. But he saw this as within the providence of God since it was unlikely that the Movement would ever have taken shape except for that persecution.

In this sermon he was doing for the church of his time what the apostle Paul did for the church of his day in the writing of Romans and Galatians. It was a believer's manifesto of freedom from the legal code of the Mosaic dispensation. It claimed that under Christ the believer is part of a New Institution, and not one that is a mere continuation of or a modification of the Old. There is a New Covenant, he argued, that is distinct from the Old Covenant. The New may be historically related to the Old and the Old may anticipate the New, but the New is different in its principles and content.

Most teachers in the church then considered the covenants as identical, the latter being an extension of the former. The ceremonial part of the law may have ended, but they did not think in terms of a new dispensation supplanting the old. Young Campbell argued that with the coming of Christ the whole law was done away. The moral principles abide, of course, but not because they were a part of the Mosaic law. God's moral laws are universal in character, existing in any relationship between God and man. The law of Moses declared God's moral principles but it did not originate them, for they existed both before and after that law.

This view of a New Institution led the Brush Run Church to reject the term Sabbath for the Christian day of public worship, for which they were criticized, and it projected Campbell into a very controversial position. When the sermon was published there were many who wanted to reject its author for his "damnable heresy." Campbell referred to this as "a seven years' war," for at each annual meeting of the association there were heresy charges brought against him, but they were always voted down. The majority believed that he was "sound on baptism," which was enough to make him an orthodox Baptist. It was this that led to his championing the Baptist cause in the debate with John Walker, a Presbyterian.

Campbell was a safe bet to defend the Baptist position on immersion against a learned Presbyterian, but what the Baptists did not consider was that this debate would give Campbell the platform he needed to further advocate the "heresy" he set forth in the *Sermon on the Law.* Since Walker's position was that infant baptism was scriptural on the ground that it came in the place of circumcision in the Old Testament, the stage was set for Campbell to draw his distinction between the covenants and point out that the church is now under a New Institution. By emphasizing a succession of covenants in which God has dealt with man, Campbell not only freed baptism from a false analogy

with circumcision but in a general way set the Christian faith apart from Judaism. He also introduced a new method of biblical interpretation, showing that a passage's application to the believer is related to where it is found in the Bible.

So the Baptists got more than they bargained for. They were pleased that their man won, but they were less than enthusiastic about the way he did it. Still he was flooded with invitations from Baptists, which took him into eastern Ohio, and 4,000 copies of the debate were soon circulated. He was becoming a famous man, but it proved to be the beginning of the end of his days as a Baptist.

Eastern Ohio was then called the Western Reserve. It was the home of the churches of I the Mahoning Baptist Association, which in 1830 moved into the Campbell movement by dissolving itself as an association. So they were no longer "Baptist" churches, and began to call themselves Reformers and Disciples. This was the beginning of the Disciples of Christ as a separate group. Insofar as the records indicate there was not one instance of anyone being immersed again, including the Campbells. For decades to follow, it was considered wrong and improper to immerse a believer already immersed, irrespective of his understanding of baptism for remission of sins. It simply wasn't done. In the light of these indisputable historical facts, it would be interesting for some of our Church of Christ preachers, who insist on rebaptizing immersed believers "for the remission of sins," to tell us when the true church was actually restored back in those days.

It was just after the Walker debate and the days when Campbell's views began to circulate in Ohio that two Baptist ministers rode into Bethany from the Western Reserve for a visit with Mr. Campbell. They were brothers-in-law, one being Adamson Bentley and the other Sidney Rigdon, both of Warren, Ohio. They had read the Walker debate and had great interest in the new hermeneutics as taught by Campbell.

Adamson Bentley, strangely enough, first saw Alexander Campbell as he rode across western Pennsylvania in a wagon with his family, fresh from the Old World, on the way to meet his father. While Bentley only nodded in passing, he knew who they were, having met Thomas Campbell at an inn a few miles back west, who was making inquiries of any who might have seen the immigrant family. But he remembers noticing Alexander, then only 21, in particular, little realizing that in another decade or so that young man would be largely responsible for a great change in his life.

Robert Richardson, Campbell's biographer, records that this meeting with Bentley and Rigdon was to have important consequences. Campbell also writes of its importance in his "Anecdotes, Incidents, and Facts" 17 years later in the 1848 *Millennial Harbinger* (p. 523). He tells how he was sitting on his

porch one summer afternoon in 1821 following dinner when Rigdon and Bentley approached. Bentley explains that he had just read the Walker debate and that he had come with lots of questions to ask. Campbell, who was still conducting Buffalo Seminary, promised to talk with them once school let out.

After tea that evening they began their discussion and *they talked all night long!* Campbell recalled the topics covered:

"Beginning with the Baptism that John preached, we went back to Adam, and forward to the final judgment.

The dispensations, or covenants Adamic, Abrahamic, Jewish and Christian, passed and repassed before us. Mount Sinai in Arabia, Mount Zion, Mount Calvary, Mount Tabor the Red Sea, and the Jordan — the Passovers and the Pentecosts — the Law and the Gospel; but especially the ancient order of things and the modern, occasionally commanded and and engaged our attention."

Rigdon's response was that if he had taught one error in the pulpit he had taught a thousand. Campbell afterwards encouraged him to move to Pittsburg and minister to a Reformed Baptist church. He was a powerful orator and became a man of influence among the Disciples, but within a decade he accepted Mormonism and worked closely with its prophet, Joseph Smith. One wonders what Rigdon thought of it all when his own daughter revealed to him that the prophet was trying to take her to his bed. The prophet was an expert in that area as well as in prophecy. Rigdon died a disillusioned old man, insisting that he had no part in the production of the Book of Mormon, and he probably figured by then that it was just as well. But Campbell never presumed that Rigdon forged the Mormon Bible. About the only one of his day to present a serious review of the book, he declared its author to be Joseph Smith himself. Or was it the angel Moroni? The Disciples explained Rigdon's demise as a reaction to his failure to achieve the prominence that he desired. Mormonism served him little better if that is what he wanted. Following the prophet's death, Rigdon vied for power with Brigham Young and lost. He had to be content to serve as the leader of one of several small Mormon sects that followed Smith's death.

But Rigdon served the cause of reformation well while he was with us, and Adamson Bentley even more so. The all-night discussion was a turning point in their lives, and it served to help move the Baptist churches of the Western Reserve to the position of the Reformers. Bentley once presided over the Mahoning Association and served with Walter Scott as an evangelist, and it was he that was largely responsible for opening the doors for Campbell and his ideas. In fact, but for that all-night conference the Mahoning Association might never have served as the nucleus for the Restoration Movement. They returned to Warren, Ohio different men.

There may be no particular virtue in talking all night *per se*, but there is virtue in having that kind of concern. If the time has come in our history when our preachers had rather get together and talk about their jobs, or sports, or other preachers rather than the great ideas of the New Institution, then we need to look back to our roots and see from whence we came.

An extemporaneous talk in a country church that set forth a new idea. A debate that proposed a different approach in interpreting the scriptures. An all-night conversation that caused three concerned men to put a lot of things into focus. With these ingredients the God of heaven started for Himself another reformation of His church. Doesn't it really blow your mind to be a part of it all. Each of us can at least make his or her own life a reformation effort. — *the Editor.*

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Monthly Musing . . .

IS SINCERITY ENOUGH?

Robert Meyers

Whenever one defends the principle of variable accountability, holding that God will judge each of us in terms of our unique capacities and chances, someone usually responds with a touch of asperity: "Are you saying that anybody is all right just so long as he is sincere?"

Put that way, sincerity suddenly seems a much less attractive personality trait than it is usually credited with being. In elevating inerrancy, honesty gets pushed lower on the scale of values than it deserves. But the whole question is deceptive. It makes no distinction between the judgments of society and the judgments of God.

As a teacher I have had to fail students who either *would* not or *could* not do passing work. My "F" in the gradebook recognized no difference between them. But surely no one would argue that God is such a schoolmaster, or is bound by such legal directives. He does not require of any man what that man has no capacity to give Him. No one, as Paul says in 2 Corinthians 8:12 "Is asked to give what he has not got."

Jesus upheld the principle when he stated that the poor widow of Mark 12 gave more than anyone else when she cast her two mites into the treasury. Judged in terms of literal quantity, His statement is absurd. But judged in terms of her differing *ability* to give, it is the only evaluation one can make and still be fair to people crippled by life. The widow gave less but she gave more, and everyone sees that this paradox is true.

In the parable of the talents, each man was then expected to accomplish in accord with his gift and his capacity. In one sense, each man's accountability was exactly the same. He had to do the best he could with what he had. In another sense, each man's accountability was different because no two men were similarly equipped.

If we remember that God is Father, and relate that saving truth to the life of an ideal family, the principle of variable accountability can be easily demonstrated. Parents learn to their surprise that children close to each other in age, living under almost identical circumstances in the same house, can be poles apart in personality characteristics.

They know that this difference affects the nature of their children's' response to any given stimulus. For example, Betty is moody, introspective, a dreamer. She may not even *hear* the command the first time. She is so absorbed by an inner world that when she does hear the command she may not hear it with perfect clarity. This happens over and over, so that her parents learn that when they give Betty orders they must do so with infinite patience, and with the realization that she may miss something here and there.

Johnny, on the other hand, is quick, practical, alert and extroverted. He senses what you want almost before you speak. He lacks Betty's sensitivity and idealism, perhaps, but he can obey your spoken wishes almost instantly and perfectly.

Some parents would praise Johnny as the "good" child and the shining example of obedience. Others, recognizing inherent and developed changes in personality, know that Betty and Johnny simply have to be judged differently if one is to be fair. As children of God, shaped by a million hours and events, we all have unique capacities for responding to His Word. Things that seem clear to one child may not be clear at all to another. If God does not require the impossible, their responses can never be exactly the same.

At about this point someone usually says, "What about the threat of Jesus that if the blind lead the blind they will both fall into the ditch?" In the hush of expectation which usually follows this remark, one realizes that it is supposed to mean that God excuses no one on the grounds of blindness, neither the leader nor the led.

It is clear from the contexts in all three Synoptic gospels that Jesus has in mind a moral blindness which has grown out of deliberate choice, rather than some constitutional or intellectual inability to grasp an idea. Ironically, the blind leaders of his remark are apparently those very souls who smugly believe that they are models of rectitude.

Falling into the ditch, of course, is tacitly equated with being damned a piece of explication not many careful readers are likely to accept. What the verse certainly must say is that blind folk should not be unduly eager to become guides nor too quick to become followers. Blindness, whether accidental or self-imposed, runs some risks in this world. What the verse surely cannot mean is that innocent ignorance (there is such a thing) gets exactly the same punishment as deliberate ignorance — except in our world where we cannot make perfect judgments.

However much men may suffer here because of their innocent blindness, however much society may punish them, they will get off scot-free with their Maker if they really *are* incapable of "seeing" His will for them. "If you were blind, " Jesus said to the Pharisees, "you would be guilty of no sin." Their ego was such that they would doubtless have preferred being punished for deliberate sin than being forgiven on the grounds that they were ignorant!

A good friend once put it this way: "It is the tendency of all who would squeeze and refine God's grace and mercy through their own legalistic strainers, to make our hope dependent upon knowledge and understanding, almost to the exclusion of love, motive or intent."

And lest any should misunderstand, he wisely adds: "To willfully disregard any command of God which is known to be His command is to defy the authority of God, but there is a difference between willful defiance and lack of compliance through imperfect knowledge."

So what is left for us but to be charitable toward those who have not yet attained to our measure of knowing? We see that a man cannot walk in any more light than he has, and that when he does this honestly and sincerely, he stands in exactly the same position with God that we do.

Being a little farther up the road makes no difference. God measures hearts, not miles, and when He gathers in His people they will not all be found standing complacently in a terminal. — *Wichita State U., Wichita, Ka.*

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Pilgrimage of Joy . . .

FORD COUNTRY

W. Carl Ketcherside

This year of *1930* will be long remembered by those who are old enough to recall it. It was a time of disaster. A great drought lay like a pall over the Ohio and Mississippi River areas. Food resources were depleted, and unemployment and disease took a frightful toll. The census taken during the year determined that a population of *123,202,624* occupied the then forty-eight states, and by autumn President Hoover reluctantly had to admit there were *4,500,000* unemployed. Within a year the amount doubled.

On December 11, the largest bank failure in the United States occurred when the Bank of the United States closed down in New York City, leaving almost a half million depositors stranded. A few days later The Chelsea Bank and Trust Company failed to open the doors of its six outlets and in rapid succession twenty-eight banks in the south and midwest went under. In the next twelve months there were *2,294* bank closings.

To add to the nation's woes in *1930*, great fires broke out in various places. One such holocaust at the Ohio State Prison in Columbus resulted in the death of *318* convicts. The state capitol at Bismark, North Dakota, went up in flames and the loss was estimated to exceed a million dollars. In spite of all this, those who lived the simple life in rural areas seemed to suffer least. Always cooperative and willing to share, they accepted the situation with a cheerful calm which belied the fright stories in the newspapers. The little congregation at Nevada continued to grow in members added, as well as in grace and knowledge of the truth. As one brother said, "You don't notice a depression if you've never known anything with which to contrast it."

When our baby was about six months old we began a tour which enabled me to conduct meetings previously arranged in four states. He proved to be a good traveler, sleeping much of the way, lulled into slumber by the motion of the automobile. At Topeka, Kansas, we stayed with my folk and during the meeting each night the principal question was who would get to hold the baby. This was the age of "protracted meetings" in Churches of Christ. They were called that in order to distinguish them from "revivals." This was a sectarian term which no self-respecting preacher among us would use. The meeting in Topeka drew capacity crowds, a not too difficult thing because of the limited seating space.

After some tearful farewells, we went next to Marshalltown, Iowa, where I had lived briefly as a boy. Once again we were blessed with with good audiences although our cause had never particularly prospered in the area. It was a pleasure to see once more a number of those whom we met when we moved to the area from the little Ozark mining town years before.

The next stop was at River Rouge, the home of the great Ford automobile plant in the Detroit, Michigan area. Already Henry Ford was a legendary character, although he would live for seventeen more years. In 1893, after spending all of his leisure time in experimentation, he built his first automobile in a carriage shed. In 1903 he founded the Ford Motor Company. During the year of my birth he began production of the "Model T." It was so popular it became the butt of jokes by stage comedians and everyone passed along the latest one accompanied by loud guffaws.

Someone in a crowd would say, "There was this preacher who drove a Model T, and got stuck in the mud on his way to church. He pried it out with a rail from a nearby fence, but when he got up to preach, mad and muddy, he began by saying, 'Anyone who drives a Model T, will probably go to hell.' In the back of the house a man stood up and said, 'Amen!' The preacher said, 'How come you said Amen when I predicted anyone who drives a Ford will go to hell?' The man replied, 'Because if she gets you there, she will bring you back." Fords were always spoken of in the feminine gender. It was rumored that this was because they were so difficult to get started. Some said it was because you had to pet them to keep them working. They were familiarly called "Tin Lizzies."

In 1927 the "Model T" was discontinued and replaced by the "Model A." By the time it was produced, Ford had turned out fifteen million cars, all the same color. His motto was "Select any color you want, provided it is black." We went to Detroit because originally the congregation at River Rouge was primarily composed of people from Flat River and the rest of the Missouri Lead Belt. In 1914, Ford raised the wages of assembly line workers from $2.50 to $5.00 per day. The general consensus of opinions was that he had gone crazy and would ruin the country, since no man alive was worth $5.00 per day. People flocked to Detroit from every section of the country. Congregations were depleted elsewhere, while those who went to work for Ford formed congregations of folk from "down home" to relieve their loneliness in a strange environment composed of different ethnic groups.

We stayed with Charles and Leray Stewart, because Leray and her sister Opal were part of the group of young people at Flat River with which Nell had been associated. It was a great time to be alive and we became endeared to this generous young Christian couple who took us in. As I write this, they are still living near Ludington, Michigan, where Charles has been an elder for many years at the second oldest congregation in Michigan, in a rural setting nestled amidst the great cherry orchards which make that section famous.

The River Rouge meetinghouse was filled every night. There were probably as many who came to see Nell as to hear me. Homesickness for southern Missouri was written upon many faces. Everyone was asking about relatives. It was like "old home week." One night when the place was so crowded that chairs filled the aisles, the Bruce family came over from Windsor, Ontario, just across the Detroit River in Canada. Adam and Peggy Bruce had emigrated from the Slamannan District, a colliery region

in Scotland made famous through the preaching of the gospel by James Anderson. With them was a younger brother of Adam, George Bruce, who had just arrived from Scotland and who spoke with a brogue so thick you could "slice it with a knife."

They insisted that Nell and I come and spend the day with them as they had an urgent matter which they wanted to discuss. We settled upon a day and drove across the beautiful new Ambassador Bridge, which spanned the Detroit River. It had been open but a few months, the ribbon having been cut on November 11, 1929. It was 1850 feet long and 47 feet wide and had cost $20,000,000. We had never seen anything like it. In Windsor, which gave us the feeling of being "strangers in a strange land" we had no difficulty in finding the hospitable home of the Bruces.

Although more than forty-six years have passed as I write this, I can still remember our luncheon, as if it were yesterday. Peggy Bruce was an excellent cook and she had prepared a Scotch meat pie. No one can bake such a pie as those from "the land of the thistle" and it was delicious. We topped it off with cantaloupe a la mode, and since we had never seen this combination before it was a gustatory delight.

As soon as we had finished eating, Adam and George Bruce and myself went out on the front porch and sat down to talk about the cause we loved. It was not always easy to unravel their Scots dialect, but my ears became more accustomed to it as we conversed. I learned about the congregations in the Slamannan District which lies between Edinburgh and Glasgow. They told of the drift of city churches into new ways and new thought patterns which were too liberal for many of the brethren. I learned about Walter Crosthwaite who resisted the inroads of modernism and called for the brethren to stand for the old paths. Certain congregations had declared themselves as opposed to any further erosion of the faith. They had come to be known as "the Old Paths brethren." There was a fairly-well drawn line between themselves and congregations affiliated with the British Association of Churches of Christ.

It was the feeling of the Bruces that I should visit Scotland and help to strengthen the brethren. They felt that my position on "mutual edification" as opposed to the congregational importation of a preacher to act as a "one-man pastor" at a stipulated fee would establish a rapport with the brethren in Great Britain where the practice of "mutual ministry" was regarded as the scriptural way. I think my age may have had something to do with their proposal. They undoubtedly felt that one who was young would be able to adjust and adapt to the congregations in "Auld Scotia." George Bruce declared he had never heard anyone preach with the power I manifested. I had just passed my twenty-second birthday.

We drove back to Detroit to the little frame house of the Stewarts with its three large windows in the living room and its lattice-work concealing the area under the front porch (our way of identifying the place) and as we rode along we talked about George Bruce's intention of putting the wheels in motion in his native land. He did as he promised but none of us knew that before our plans could be carried out the Second World War would burst upon the world and we would sail upon the *Queen Elizabeth* on her first trip as a passenger-carrying vessel after having been used to transport troops, some of whom would never return. I would be thirty-nine years old, and Jerry, now nestled in his mother's arms would be eighteen years of age.

We can never assess, at the time, the purpose of God which brings about what appears to be a chance meeting. But as I look back upon it, I realize that had I not have met George Bruce during the few weeks of his sojourn with his brother, I would never have gone to Scotland, England, or North Ireland. If I had never gone I would not be writing this account at all. I would have continued to be a narrow factional leader, debating my brethren and arrogantly defending division among the saints as the only means of achieving doctrinal purity. My life would have been a journey of frustration instead of a pilgrimage of joy.

The meeting at River Rouge closed on an exultant note, the house jammed with listeners. We drove from Detroit to Flat River, Missouri, where my next meeting was scheduled. On the way eve learned that Jack Sharkey had lost his world heavyweight championship to the German, Max Schmeling, by fouling him in the fourth round. When the pictures of the fight were given a re-run the year following it was found there had been no foul. But it was too late!

The meeting at Flat River began on a happy note. The building in which my father had first heard the gospel and stepped forward to pledge his allegiance to Christ was filled from the first meeting. Nell's brother Arvel was the song leader. He was one of the best with whom I have ever worked. Enthusiasm grew with every session and actually turned into spiritual excitement. Every evening people could be seen walking in small groups toward the meetinghouse, converging upon it from all directions. Sometimes it was almost filled before the first bell was rung thirty minutes prior to the time scheduled to begin. When the final bell was tolled to indicate the service was starting the space inside was all taken and people were outside looking in through the open windows and door.

A number were baptized into Christ and some of them were my kinsmen after the flesh. The interest was heightened by the fact we had just come from Detroit to which the "economic exodus" had taken so many from the Lead Belt. Now their loved ones "down home" swarmed around us wanting to know if we had seen this one or that one. The meeting was greatly aided by the presence of saints from Bonne Terre where I had conducted such a successful effort while still a "boy preacher." Among the elders from Bonne Terre were Henry and Cornelius Mabery, pioneers of the faith in the area around

Mine La Motte before moving to Bonne Terre. Always active in the service of the Master, they grounded their families in the faith until now a fourth generation is carrying the banner which they unfurled among the ranks of believers.

Before we returned to Nevada I conducted a series of meetings for the little band meeting at Crystal City, Missouri. My uncle, L. E. Ketcherside, had done personal work, going from door-to-door in Crystal City and the twin-city of Festus, until he succeeded in banding together a little group to "keep house for the Lord." It was not an easy task. Crystal City was named after the huge glass factory, located there because of the abundance of raw material used in the manufacture of plate glass. The work had attracted many emigrants from Southern Europe who were willing to work in the heat cast off by the huge furnaces. Many of the older ones were members of the Roman Catholic or Orthodox Churches and could hardly understand English when they were sober, which was not often.

Festus was originally a settlement known for its saloons and the prostitution which flourished in conjunction with its liquor dispensaries. The town was called "Tanglefoot" because of the unsteady gait of its citizens when full of cheap booze. As a better element moved in it was thought that such a name would only perpetuate the disreputable character of the place. The people met together to select a new name under which they could be incorporated, and it was unanimously decided they would have a man open the Bible and the first proper name which caught his eye would become the official designation. The book fell open to Acts 25:1, "Now when *Festus* was come into the province. . ." It is a good thing it did not flip open to Isaiah 8:1, or Tanglefoot would have become Maher-shal-al-hashbaz. With its zip code it would have been hard to get on an envelope.

In spite of the hardships which he faced, and which never really discouraged or daunted him, my uncle kept on until he had a congregation meeting. He taught them until they were able to take care of themselves. None of them were educated but they had a zeal for the Word, imbued by their mentor. Charles Simms became a leader and a preacher of the Truth, and other humble brethren could speak effectively to the edification of the saints. I held my meeting in a house erected by my uncle on the rear of the lot owned by one of his sisters, for he could not only plant a congregation, he could also do carpentry work as few others I have seen. When the meeting was over we drove back to Nevada after an absence of more than three months.

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DOWN HOME

The Saint Louis Forum on December 27, 28 drew interested listeners and participants from twelve states. The theme was "Renewal and the Restoration Movement." Speakers were drawn from the Disciples of Christ, Christian Churches and Churches of Christ. One two-hour session consisted of a wide open forum in which anyone present could speak for ten minutes with absolute freedom. The 1977 session will be held on December 28 and 29 at Saint Louis Christian College . . . More than 200 young people attended the annual youth meeting at Central Church of Christ, Saint Louis, December 29-31, where Harold Key serves. It was my privilege to participate in an afternoon panel session in which those present could ask anything that was upon their heart . . . . I am looking forward to a return engagement with the Church of Christ meeting on 9000 Bloomington, Minnesota, where Bob Cash ministers to the brethren. The dates are April 27-29, and I will speak all three nights, and conduct a forum session on Thursday and Friday mornings. . . It will be my privilege to speak at Boise Bible College, 8695 Marigold Street, Boise Idaho, at the annual Preaching Conference. I will be associated with three outstanding speakers - John Koekkoek, Alan Dunbar, and Dale Marshall. The theme is "United in Him" and the dates are May 3-5. . . On the afternoon of May 15 I will address the saints at the Franor Avenue Church of Christ, in Alton, Illinois, on the occasion of their 25th anniversary as a congregation. . . Recently I spoke to an overflow crowd of Jewish business and professional men at a noonday luncheon. The questions were sharp and perceptive and the encounter was direct. I have agreed to speak again on April 19 and May 27 at the Messianic Forum which held its first meeting on May 14, 1948, the same day that the Jewish national state was proclaimed, the first since 70 A.D., when Jerusalem was destroyed. . . On January 5, Nell mailed the 444th copy of *The Death of the Custodian* to a college student. The book is sent free to any such student in the world upon request. The retail price for others is $2.95 per copy. . . As I write this the final proof of the revised edition of my book *The Twisted Scriptures is* being read, and the book should be ready for distribution soon. If you would like to be on the list to receive one as soon as the books are published write and send your order to the address below. You will be sent an invoice with the book . . . Although it is quite a little while before the events occur I want to mention that I am scheduled to address the Southern Christian Youth Convention in Winston-Salem, North Carolina, August 11, and will also be at the Prairie Young Peoples Association meeting in Calgary, Alberta, Canada, October 21-23. . . October 6,7 I will address the Florida State Christian Convention, at Jacksonville . . . One of the biggest blessings for me is anticipated at Camp Winema, Day Family Bible Conference. It is the largest such meeting held in the United States. I will mention other such meetings in future reports. —*W. Carl Ketcherside, 139 Signal Hill Drive, Saint Louis, Missouri 63121.*

OFFICE NOTES

Our new subscription rate is 3.00 per year or 5.00 for two years. In one place in our last we gave the rate of 5.00 for *three* years. This was a mistake. We are pleased with the large number of renewals that we receive. When your sub expires, you are notified by a hand stamp to that effect on both the front and back of your last issue. You need not worry about your sub expiring until that stamp appears. It will help us both, if you then renew promptly. We often send still one more bonus issue with the warning that you must renew, but we do not promise to do this since it depends on our flow of extra copies. If you have the urge to renew, stamp or no stamp, do not hesitate to do so, for we will advance your date of expiration accordingly. We *do* make mistakes as careful as we are, so if we expire you before your time is up, and you know it, then drop us a card. We will both repent and correct the mistake: That's what Alexander Campbell insisted that repentance is, *reformation.* One can't simply be sorry, he taught, but must make amends for the wrongs done and reform his life. That's what we will do if we foul up your sub.

We have sold a number of copies of Sex For Christians. You might want to have a copy at 3.20. Part of the book is on sex and married people, another part of sex and single people. It is solidly biblical and unprudish.

Love Therapy, written by a family counselor, is another volume well received by our readers. It draws upon the Bible as a medicine chest for spiritual and emotional ills. It offers practical ways and means of fighting depression and discouragement, and it helps one to understand what ails him. 3.20.

You should read at least one title from Francis Schaeffer, and we suggest *He Is There and He is Not Silent.* 3.20 in paperback. His comments on "faith" vs. faith is a great lesson and beautifully illustrated, drawn from mountain climbing in the Alps.

We all know of those tragic instances when a believer is tempted by love and drawn away by another man or woman, thus destroying a marriage and a family. *Tempted by Love,* written by a woman, speaks to this problem not simply by exposing adultery as the sin that it is but by showing that there is a way of escape. It shows the way out of an illicit relationship. One editor commented that this book is "a breath of fresh air in a book market glutted with advice on how to attract a lover." He strongly urges one to follow the self-therapy suggested in this book if he or she needs it. It is only *64* pages in paperback. 1.95.

For 2.20 we will reserve you a copy of *The Ten Commandments for Today* by William Barclay, which will be out sometime in March. We will put in the mail to you the day it is published, if you will get your order to us. He has a chapter on each command, giving its biblical setting and showing its relevance for today. On the first commandment he says, for example: "It is from here that ethics takes its start. A man's god dictates a man's conduct." This book will be in great demand.

Also coming up in March is a paperback edition of Barclay's *Spiritual Autobiography,* which is a warm and personable account of a most interesting and inspiring life. After laughing and weeping our way through the hardbound edition, we highly recommend this at only 1.75.

Several times we have advertised *The Difficult Sayings of Jesus* at 4.95, and it is a highly informative volume. In March it is coming out in paperback at 1.75. You should not miss this one.

Sharon Burgard of Aspen, Colorado, received one of our Six *Version Parallel New Testament* for Christmas. She likes it so well that she ordered one for a friend. You might like to have one at least for yourself. It is beautiful bound in durable hardcover at 12.95.

If you think you have a bit of the rebel in you, you should read *Rebels in the Church,* written by several modern rebels. The chapter on "Inside View of a Rebel" might mirror something of yourself. This retails at 3.95, but we're selling them for 2.95 in hardback.

Last year we told you of Isaac Errett's *Evenings with the Bible,* a 3-volume set that has not yet gone up and sells for only 12.00 in durable hardback, which is really a bargain since they total about 1200 pages of reading. Errett was one of our pioneers who traveled with Campbell and served as his associate editor, and finally founded the *Christian Standard.* He coined the term, "The Plea," long current in our history and he spells out that Plea better than most. This is a journey through the Bible, Old and New alike. Chapters on "God with Us," "The Magi," and "Weak Faith and Strong Faith" are but a few on the New. Two volumes in the Old move from Adam to the Captivity, with numerous chapters that pull together God's "Eternal Purpose," which he sees as the theme of the Bible. We highly recommend this set, and it may not long be available. It makes for ideal family reading.

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READER'S EXCHANGE

I read recently that Standard Publishing is printing a series of Restoration Motto Posters. I would like to nominate "We can believe we are right without believing every one else to be wrong" from the December *Restoration Review* as the "Motto-of-the-Year" for 1976! In fact, I may suggest to our church officers that this motto be carved into the front of our pulpit! That thought really struck home. I hope you won't mind if I quote your comment. - *Dan Askey, Southeast Church of Christ, Marysville, Oh. 43040*

Just had to write and let you know how our prayer worked out. You remember the day you prayed for my help. I called the doctor after you left as I promised. I went into the hospital the first of September and was there three months. Had both hips put in. After turning my life completely over to the Lord that fear left me, and at the hospital I had no fear of anything. - *Florence Lewis, 870 E. 258th St., Euclid, Oh. 44132*

(Last summer when I visited this 80-year old sister in the Lord, I found her very depressed and in severe pain. She was fearful of surgery. I prayed for her to have peace and courage and made her promise me she'd call the doctor and talk about it. Enclosed in her letter was a writeup in the *Cleveland Press,* telling the story of how she can now walk without help and without pain by means of her hip joints being replaced by plastic and metal prosthesis. And there was her picture -walking and with a big smile - and is she beautiful. That shows why we should believe in prayer *and* medical science. After all, surgery is also one of God's precious gifts to man. And now I know why the Spirit led me by Cleveland last summer after the Bethany conference. Surprised by joy! - the *Editor)*

What tax deductible name can be put on checks to make contributions to your ministry? Is *Restoration Review* tax deductible? - *Pennsylvania*

(We are not tax deductible. Some longtime supporters of our publication effort apparently list us in their contributions with no problem. If one wants to make it sure, he could make out the check to "Church of Christ." There is a congregation in the area that will receive such donations from anyone, in these columns or elsewhere, we do accept any donations and then in turn support our effort for that amount. While we do not solicit donations from anyone, in these columns or elsewhere, we do accept any donations sent, acknowledge them and use them with great care. -*Ed*.)

Those living in the Dallas - Ft. Worth area will want to hear Carl Ketcherside, March 2 - 5, at Central Church of Christ, Irving, 1710 W. Airport Freeway - Wednesday thru Friday at 7:30, with special programs Thursday afternoon, Friday and Saturday mornings.

We thought of many of our readers living in "the deep freeze" this winter. They wrote about being snowed in, children out of school, and temperatures far below zero. Two of our mailings this winter have been amidst snow and ice, but we've had it easy in comparison to most. If you decide to move South, be sure to send us both your old and new addresses! I'm thinking of an editorial on "Theology of the Weather," but it hasn't brewed yet. It has been too cold!

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